

# REGISTER



VOL. LX

JUNE

NO. 6

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# Latin School Register

VOL. LX

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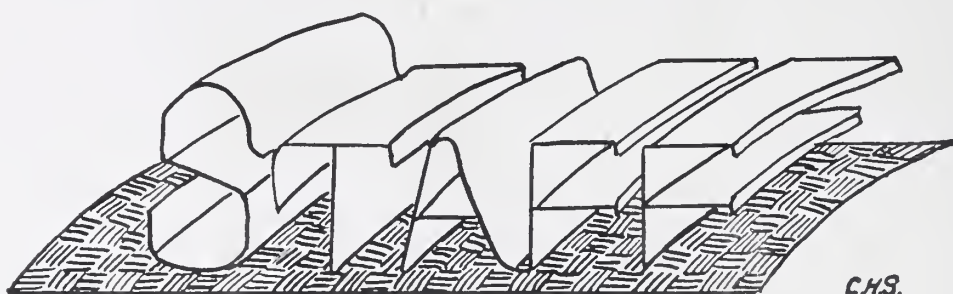
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MR. PAUL J. WENERS

## DEDICATION

In this, the last issue of our magazine for 1941, the staff of the REGISTER wishes to express appreciation to

MR. PAUL J. WENERS,

whose untiring efforts to extract money from an apathetic school have long kept body and soul of the REGISTER together. Mr. Weners has now felt the necessity of retiring as our business adviser. It is with regret that we learn of his decision.

His inspiration can not but be indelibly impressed upon all those of both staffs who came into contact with him.

We of the REGISTER wish him a long and happy teaching career in his sanctum across the way.

## THE VISION OF EPHRAIM COLLIS

In the quaint old village of Harving on the rocky Massachusetts coast stand many proofs and monuments of famous historical events. Many a house stands there that dates back to the Puritan settlers; many a cannon is on some green that once was the site of a Revolutionary battle. Small wonder, therefore, that a Harvinger is never impressed by the history of another town. Yes, though rich in historical monuments, Harving possesses a few relics known only to the Harvingers and best loved by them. Such a relic is the cumbrous wooden structure which lies on the green slope of Gooseneck Hill. Though an ugly sight, it once provided the town with its best joke.

This structure dates back to the year 1652, when Harving was one of the few inhabited sections on the Massachusetts coast. The smallness of the village resulted in every one's knowing everybody else. To understand life in the Harving of 1652, one must visualize the meagre means of travel and communication. Stern laws and inhibitions discouraged most forms of amusement. The stocks and pillory were used to enforce these statutes. A regular patron of the stocks was Ephraim Collis, the town's most incorrigible tippler. Ephraim was never meant for the Puritan atmosphere. In fact, he was a Cavalier by birth and conviction, who looked forward to better days when and if Bonnie Prince Charles were restored. During the wait for the realization of his desire, he reverted to whiskey.

One day Ephraim, who had had a particularly severe time of it in the public pillory, was sprawled out under his favorite elm tree, bitter at the whole world.

Suddenly he was startled by an awe-inspiring voice calling him. He cautiously turned about. The wind was the only sound he heard. Just as he was about to charge the episode to his imagination, he was again startled, this time by an unmistakably clear voice calling him.

"Ephraim!"

"Wh—Who's there?" asked Ephraim, somewhat alarmed at the voice seemingly from nowhere.

It's only me, Eph; but don't waste your energy trying to find me. It's really very hopeless; for, you see, I'm not really here at all. That's it; take it easy, and listen attentively to my tale."

Ephraim stood motionless for fear of causing the voice displeasure in some way.

"Let me introduce myself," continued the voice. "No—perhaps you'd better wait till the end of my story and then you'll understand better.

"For over 8000 years I've been lying in my grave suffering beyond all human conception."

"Oh! H--Have you?" put in Ephraim, trying to affect a strong interest in the uncanny story. "H--How did all this start (as if I care)?"

"If you'll just be patient for a few minutes—you know I've been waiting 8000 years for this day—you'll hear everything."

"Uh, 'scuse me—please go on."

"Yes,—well, many, many years ago," again took up the voice, "I was entrusted with a sacred mission—to rehabilitate the world with honest men. It was a hard task that failed. Look around at the world, and you'll see my failure. Why, there are more cheats, more



thieves, more doubledealers now than there were people in my day.

"I used to watch with joy empire after empire fall, hoping that the one in its stead would show some fruits of my labor—but, alas, each succeeding kingdom outdid the previous one in wickedness. I recall times during the Roman Empire when I was so shocked at the sins committed that I almost came to Earth then. But patient as I was, I gave Man another chance. It took me 1000 years before I finally came."

"But why are you telling me all this?" asked Ephraim, with a revived interest.

"Because you're the only honest, clean liver left under God's sun, and upon your shoulders rests the sacred mission of rehabilitating the world with people pure as yourself."

As all men who have guilty consciences act when unduly praised, Ephraim hung his head and sheepishly said, "Before you begin singling out your honest men, you ought to know what's in the bottle by my side."

"Why, it's whiskey," answered the voice prophetically, "but that's the reason I chose you for this task. You see, I know why you drink. Drinking in your case is the mark of a brave man who, disgusted by world conditions, is forced to seek solace in it. That's why I used to drink 8000 years ago," added the voice reassuringly.

Ephraim grew enthusiastic, because this unknown voice touched upon the real reason for Ephraim's drinking—a reason for which he had for years been searching. Ephraim was given instructions on how to build an ark, strong enough to stand 240 days of storm. "Eph" set about on his task.

Some time had elapsed since "Eph's" encounter with the voice; he had not been idle. Day after day, arduously working, "Eph" finally shaped a huge,

clumsy ark. He called all the populace together for the inauguration. Attired in his best Sunday suit in the brisk morning air, he stood on a platform near his ark, ready to make a speech.

"I'm goin' to startle a lot of you folks with what I got to announce, but I'll try to be as soft-spoken as possible about it. Some months ago I was ordered to make this ark for a purpose which I can now tell. Seeing as you're all cheats and sneaks and I'm the only clean one among you, this ark is going to save me from the terrible flood that's goin' to wash away your sins and you along with them."

A loud acclaim of laughter greeted this announcement.

"Go ahead and laugh," chided "Eph", somewhat angry at the crowd's levity. "It's your last chance, 'cause here comes the rain." Saying this, he stretched his arms to the clouds and intoned, "Oh, you clouds of destruction, cleanse these creatures."

Not a drop fell. A little louder, and with more emphasis he called for rain. Still no drop. Smiles in the audience began evolving into grins, and grins into hearty laughs. Angry at the failure of his call, he shrieked out, "Come on, you durned clouds; pour, pour, gosh durn ye."

Like a magic shibboleth this was followed by a torrential rain. Ephraim jeered gloatingly from his ark window while the Harvingers scurried for home. Ephraim sat snugly waiting to sail away.

But—in three hours, the raining had completely stopped, causing all the villagers to run to the ark. Nary a soul was to be found when the first man reached this spot. Over the disappearance of Ephraim Collis many legends have grown, too long to be told. But one thing is known for sure, and that is, there was an empty ducking stool waiting for Ephraim, if he ever was found, to wash his sins away.

BENJAMIN TORF, '42.



## SMOKE RINGS

It was snowing. It wasn't a fierce, blinding storm you sometimes run into up in the mountains, but just a few soft, fluffy flakes slowly floating downward. It had been sifting down like this all morning, getting just a little heavier as each hour passed. The tall, stately pines took on an appearance of aged severity as their boughs became tinged with white, and the purple shades of the mountains in the rear gave them a royal touch. There wasn't much moving in the hills. Just two lonely figures were slowly climbing the steep slopes. It wasn't till you had watched these two men for a while that you realized how hard it was really snowing. They wouldn't advance more than five hundred yards before those deceptively slow falling flakes would completely obliterate their tracks. The two hikers were bent under large packs, methodically pacing along.

"This is going to be a corker, Jim," said the first man, a burly individual resplendent in a red checkered woolen shirt. "Shall we turn back or keep on?"

"No use going back," replied Jim. "Might just as well head for the line shack. It's only a couple of miles ahead. We might get stuck a couple of days, but we've got plenty of food, and I think there'll be some there, too."

Again they swung into that plodding pace that ate up the miles so swiftly. The snow was whirling before a shrieking wind by the time they reached the shelter, and their clothes were crusted with the snow that had been lashing at them the past half hour. It was late afternoon when they finally staggered into the lean-to and dumped their packs on the rough wooden planking.

"Stu" Martin, the big one in the checkered shirt, gave a grunt of relief. "This

won't be too bad. There's plenty of food and a deck of cards here, and a couple of day's rest will do us good."

But they stayed more than a few days. The days began to run into double figures, and both "Jim" and "Stu" were getting restless. It had snowed steadily for four days, and now they were solidly snowed in. Over a week had passed. The food was still holding out well, but a twenty-foot square room is not conducive to physical relaxation and both men were starting to fret. At present "Stu" was sleeping in his bunk, rattling the thin wooden shack with his stentorian snores. "Jim" was standing over him, looking fixedly at the unkempt beard and shabby dress of his companion. There was a mad gleam of terrible anger in his eyes, and his clenched fists and heaving breast gave mute evidence of his agitated condition. After a moment he turned and went to his own bunk, where he sat with his head buried in his hands.

"Get ahold of yourself," he muttered to himself. "You can't go around killing people just because of the way they dress, their lack of neatness, or some other habit that annoys you. But I'll go nuts if I have to stay another day with him and his confounded ways. I've got to break him of his careless habits somehow. I certainly can't buck those drifts, so that's my only out."

It was easy to see what had happened. "Jim" had been driven nearly crazy by "Stu's" idiosyncrasies and annoying habits. Nearly two weeks in the same room with one man would make anyone sick, even if his companion were the best fellow on earth.

Then a plan formulated in "Jim's" mind. He'd cure "Stu" of his annoying ways by fighting fire with fire. He'd develop some outstanding trait; and when

"Stu" had noticed it and become sufficiently vexed, he'd broach the subject of outlining each other's faults, and then he'd be able to tell him just what he thought. He decided something obvious would be his best bet and he finally chose smoke rings as his weapon. He blew them incessantly. Every evening after supper as they sat around the table, he would carefully mouthe smoke rings at the battered oil lamp they used for a light. During the day he kept to his task unceasingly, sometimes just puffing aimlessly and sometimes aiming at definite objects. Soon he noticed that "Stu" was becoming annoyed. He would look up sharply as if to speak and then decide not to. "Jim" decided he was making progress. He decided to keep it up one more day and really get under "Stu's" skin before he would suggest exchanging opinions on each other's faults.

The next evening when the dishes had been cleared away and "Jim" had puffed a few preliminary smoke rings, he said to "Stu," "Look, 'Stu,' we've been in this hole now for more than a week and a half, and it looks as if we're due to be stuck a lot longer. Naturally, it's im-

possible for two men to get along perfectly. I most likely annoy you in many ways. So I thought if you outlined all my outstanding faults, maybe I could correct some, and then I'd do the same for you. Then we'd be that much better off. Don't you think so?"

"Stu's" face lighted up. "I think it'd be great. You won't get angry though, will you?"

"Of course not," replied "Jim", anticipating his own turn with relish.

"Well, then," started "Stu", "I wish you wouldn't always tug at your ear, whistle tunelessly, shuffle a deck of cards upside down, be so awfully meticulous, that you wouldn't always play with your silver at meals. Those are only side-lights, though. You always eat irregularly, finishing your meat before you even start your potatoes or vegetables. And let me tell you, brother, do you snore!"

"Jim's" face fell a foot. "What about the smoke rings?"

"Smoke rings?" said "Stu". "What smoke rings?"

WILLIAM J. WARD, '41.

## HOW DO YOU OPEN A LETTER?

As you have no doubt deduced from the title, this effusion concerns letter-opening. Do you first throttle the helpless missive in your manly grasp and rudely insert an indecorous finger beneath the gummed portion of the flap and tear the poor envelope ruthlessly into shreds? Or do you handle the letter gingerly, turning it over and over, suspiciously examining all the travel stains and postmarks before finally snipping off the extreme end of the envelope and very cautiously withdrawing the contents?

Perhaps you are one of those eccentric individuals who hide a letter in some favorite corner of a bureau drawer or a vest-pocket—say for an hour or two—

and indulge in a blissful period of anticipation? Or do you caress an epistle like a long-lost brother or one of those hairy little dogs, and read it through no less than six times without stopping, taking in every minor detail, and getting immense enjoyment out of each perusal?

Maybe you merely belong to the society of unfortunate mortals who resignedly accept a letter as one does inevitable misfortune, having an uncanny forethought that the product of the mails contains nothing more exciting than an invitation to an expensive wedding, a patent medicine circular, or an electric light bill.

DAVID F. BRAYTON, '44.

# OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. GEORGE H. SULLIVAN: Teaches Latin in Room 331. . . . Born in Boston. . . . Graduated from B. L. S. in 1909. . . . Received A.B. from Harvard in 1913; A.M. in 1914. . . . Attended Boston Normal School (1914-15). . . . Taught at Commerce for one year, then served in France with the A.E.F. . . . Later became a cotton mill designer. . . . Came to B. L. S., as a teacher, in 1931, and has been here since. . . . Played baseball in college but didn't quite make the varsity team. . . . His opinions: (1) Students have improved scholastically since his day. (2) The stiff formality between student and teacher has decreased considerably. (3) The "perfect" Latin School specimen is a well-rounded gentleman. . . . Advocates practice of the axiom "Per ardua ad astra". . . . Outside interests: traveling, baseball, and bowling. . . . Has traveled extensively east of the Mississippi. . . . While a student here, studied French under Mr. Arnold, was a buck private under Corporal John Dobbyn. . . . In the last war, trained at same camp as Mr. John Falvey and Mr. Roland Godfrey. . . . Resides in Newton.

MR. JOHN A. O'KEEFE: Teaches English in Room 323. . . . First saw the light in 1903 at Salem, Massachusetts. . . . Graduated from St. John's Preparatory School in 1921. . . . Received A.B. at B. C. in 1925. . . . Taught at Salem High School, '25-'28; Dorchester High School for Boys, '28-'30. . . . Came to Latin School in 1930. . . . Earned Ed.M. at Teachers College in 1935. . . . During summers of 1925-'31 served as an American Red Cross Examiner. . . . Also used to teach English and Americanization to immigrants. . . . Notices little change in succeeding Latin School generations. . . . However, is proud to state that boys exhibit great interest in outside matters, such as world affairs, music and literature. . . . Accredits this to the influence of the radio and newspapers. Result is that average boy is more mature and "worldly-wise". . . . Enjoys swimming. . . . Married. . . . Summers on North Shore. . . . Resides in Roslindale.



MR. CYRIL J. NEVILLE: Teaches Latin and English in Room 230. . . . Boasts of a Ripley birthday: Was 19 on 19th of August in 1919. . . . Born in Woonsocket, R. I. . . . Received A.B. (1926) and A.M. (1927) from B. C. . . . Taught in private schools before coming here in 1936. . . . Received Ed.M. from Teachers College in 1939. . . . "Pet theory" that English should be allotted two periods a day: one exclusively for guidance in reading; and the second for the study of grammar, rhetoric, etc. . . . Originator of Spunky stories—adventures of a fictitious character of lower class age: purpose, to stimulate originality and give younger boys a theme subject to their liking; ambition to compile in book form the "Spunky" tales. . . . Some day would like to teach upper class appreciation of literature. . . . Observation on lower classmen: "Big things come in little packages". Most difficult problem: Keeping Class VI within classroom limits. . . . Hobbies: bowling, tennis, and golf. . . . Collects anthologies. . . . Joined matrimonial union this last Labor Day. . . . Advice to masters of lower classes: "Avoid, asking the class 'Are there any questions' ". . . . Resides in Boston.



# IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY

*(Continued from last month)*

Had Bill wanted to, never would he have been able to hold the others in check. No sooner was the discovery reported, than a rush was made in the direction whence Jack had come. Jack wasn't always right, but this time it developed that he was. There it was ahead of them, a hole, some three feet wide, and four high, there in the cliff, looking much as if it had been carved out by human hands.

But any thought that this cave was man-made was cast from their minds as soon as they were inside a few paces. For, before them spread a vast chamber, of which they could see neither the opposite wall nor the roof, although there was a sort of half-light coming in faintly through the open doorway.

"Say," said Bill, "we can't see across this big room, but Jim told me there were passages leading off in different directions. Let's separate, and explore the whole thing. Jack and I will go around the room to the right; Mike, you go around to the left; Joe and Ray, you stay here near the entrance, in case anything happens. In any event, we'll all meet here in the middle of the room as soon as we can."

So it was decided, and Jack and Bill went off to the right, after first watching Mike disappear in the darkness to the left. Feeling their way along the wall, they came upon a rather sharp corner, and, deciding that it must be a passage, Bill sent Jack the rest of the way around, while he explored that tunnel.

So Jack went on alone, feeling his way along, rounding a few corners, until he finally could no longer see the doorway. When he felt another wall to his left, running parallel to the one he was following, he decided it was another tunnel, and

turned to the left. After a while, he came to what seemed to be an entrance to a large, partially lighted room, and he heard voices. Puzzled and frightened at first, he soon recognized the voices, and then it dawned on him that this was the room he had left. Then he realized the reason. He should have turned right instead of left at the tunnel. But, seeing all his friends in the middle of the room he decided to find out what they had seen, and then perhaps they could all explore that tunnel at once.

"Okay," said Bill, after they were all together, "now for reports. What did you see, Mike?"

## REPORTS

"Well," said Mike, "I went around the way you told me to, and pretty soon I came to a break in the wall. I went in, followed the wall around, and ended up in the same doorway again. There was nothing to see in the room; it wasn't very high, and wasn't more than fifty paces around. Then I came out here to this room again. That's all I found out."

"Not much to bother about. Well, I didn't find out much more. Jack and I started out together, but we came to a passageway. I decided to explore this, so Jack went around the main cave. Well, I went through the entrance and heard running water. 'How strange!' I thought. 'How could there be water running down here in the ground?' So I investigated, and, after going down quite a steep pathway, I came to a big room. There was no light, so I struck a match. There were no holes in the wall, but, on the far side, ran a regular river. It came out of a large hole in the back left corner, then flowed along the wall, because the room slopes that way, and disappears in a smaller hole on the other side. When

the match went out, I came back out here. Now, Jack, what did you see?"

Jack told them what he had found out, and suggested that they all go and explore the passage he had passed by. "For," he said, "I couldn't see much about the place because Bill had all the matches."

So they all went around until they found the entrance Jack had gone into. This they went through; and, when Bill lit a match, they found that Jack was right. They were in a room, about fifty yards around, with two exits: the one they had come in, and a smaller one on the opposite side. Quietly they went into this smaller hole, with Jack leading the way.

He turned almost immediately and whispered to his friends, "Take it easy! This is steep!"

And so it was, sloping downward at a very sharp angle. The only thing that enabled them to keep a footing was the frequent turning and twisting of the tunnel. But it soon leveled off, and they saw a faint light ahead. Proceeding more cautiously now, Jack still led them onward. The way was so narrow that they had to crawl through on their hands and knees; but this they cheerfully did, and Jack was finally in a position enabling him to peer into the room.

He saw that it was a large room, even larger than the first, he thought. It was illuminated by a meagre light shining from a doorway in the opposite wall. Seeing no one, Jack climbed through into the chamber beyond, and, while waiting for the others, he looked around. Spying water trickling in through the wall on his right, he went over and took a drink. It was good, pure, cold water, just what he wanted, just as if it came from a spring or running brook. He figured that this trickle must come from the stream Bill had seen, and was on the verge of

guessing that it might be a part of the large stream that crossed the path at the place where it branched out, when the others all joined him.

Then they all advanced slowly toward the lighted doorway, and as they advanced, they heard voices. Bill poked his head around the corner to see who was in the other room, but quickly withdrew it. Beckoning for the rest to follow him, he crossed the room and reentered the dark passage.

## ATTACK

Once back in the dark tunnel, Bill whispered, "I looked around that corner, to see what I could see, and found a whole room, roughly furnished, and lighted by a candle. The furniture consisted of a large card table, a folding couch, and a lot of old boxes. A man was lying on the couch in the shadows, so I couldn't see him very well. But another was seated on a box before the table. I could see him perfectly, and take it from me, he was a crook! Not only did he look like one, being thick-set, unshaven, with beady, cruel eyes, and a livid scar below his eye, but what do you think he was doing?"

"I don't know. Tell us!"

"Well, there in the light of the candles he was counting money—stacks and stacks of money—all new green bills! There must have been a couple of thousand dollars there! I'll bet they have just robbed a bank!"

"What are we going to do about it?"

"That's up to you, fellows. I want to capture those crooks, and take them to the police!"

"What." Do you think that we boys can capture such desperate men?"

"Sure! There are five of us, and only two of them. And besides, there is only one of them that we have to worry about; the other is asleep. This is what I plan

to do. The robber is interested in the money he's counting. Now, if we all sneak in there and slip up behind him before he knows it, then we can gag him before he can rouse his pal. After tying him up, we can do the same to his buddy. Do you all understand what you're to do?"

"Sure!"

"I guess so."

"Yeah!"

"Sounds okay, but hadn't one of us better stand beside the one that's asleep, in case he wakes up?"

"A good idea, there, Mike. Do you want that job?"

"Okay with me. Well, let's go, before he wakes up and we have two to deal with!"

So the plan was put into operation. Bill led the way to the door, and, when all were ready, they crept cautiously into the room. When Bill gave the signal, they all leaped forward—Bill with his handkerchief ready to gag him, the others with belts and coats to tie him up. The criminal, unsuspecting, gave no struggle. He was "done up" inside of a minute. Now they all gave their attention to Sleepy. In even less time he was taken care of. They turned their attention to the other objects in the room.

On looking about the room, they found that it was a cavern, about half as large as the main cave, with no outlet except the way they had come in, and no light except the candle sputtering on the table. All this they took in at a glance, and gave their whole attention to the money, now scattered all over the chamber by the scuffle. They found a leather bag on the floor, and this they employed, as it had evidently been used before, to hold the bills. After carefully gathering them all together into the bag, even making several expeditions into the outer room for any that might have been blown

there, they put the satchel on the table and sat down on the boxes that were strewn carelessly about, and held a council. Bill took charge.

"Well", he said, 'we made short work of that! What we have to decide now is what to do next."

"We ought to get this pair to the police, and see about returning the dough!" put in Jack.

"That sounds good, but how do we get these men to the road? It's too much bother to carry them!"

"We could leave them here, fetch the police, and let them worry about that."

"Sure, if they're securely bound, there's no chance of their escaping."

So it was decided. After first making sure that the bonds of their prisoners were secure, they took the money and crawled out.

It is breakfast-time in the home of Jack Evans. The father of the house, looking up from his newspaper, is saying:

"Listen to this article in the paper. 'The two desperadoes, Sleepy Joe Mandy and Jimmy Pug O'Hara, were captured yesterday. The pair are wanted for armed robbery of the First National Bank and for resisting and attacking an officer. It seems they've been lying low in this section for some time, in a cave by the Parkway, with their loot. The capture was made by five boys who gave their names as Mike O'Laney, Joe Blake, and Ray Shiels, of East Augren, and Bill Jones and Jack Evans of West Hills—' Say, wait a minute! Is that you, Jack? Why didn't you tell us? Is it true? How did you do it?"

"Wait a minute, Dad. Yes, it's all true. I saw it in the paper, and the whole story is there."

"All right. Quiet, now, Mother, and I'll read you the story. 'The capture was made—' I read that. Now let's see.— Oh, yes, here it is. 'The boys had been



in the cave on an exploration trip, and had stumbled upon the robbers' hideout by accident. They tied them up, and, taking the loot, ran to the state highway. There they had the good fortune to meet a cruising car. After telling their story to the police, and leading the way back to the cave, they dragged out the criminals. Handing over the money, they scattered for their various homes, since the time was short, and, as they said,

they 'had to be home for supper'. They left before they could be given their reward, but this will be divided among the five, and they shall receive their share within the next few days.'"

"And Jack told me nothing happened yesterday!" put in Mrs. Evans. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I guess I forgot!"

WM. R. VON BERGEN, '42.

## "LEST WE FORGET; LEST WE FORGET"

"Manager Assaulted by Players," screamed the headlines. The story went on to explain that "Big Ben" Williams, manager of the Blues, had been assaulted by several of his players after they had lost the deciding game of the pennant race to the Green Sox, by the lop-sided score of 15-3.

When police and newspapermen, attracted by the sounds of a fight, had run into the dressing-room, they found several of the players viciously attacking "Big Ben", shouting all the while, "You dope, you dope!" They refused to explain their actions, merely saying that he had it coming to him. Nor would "Big Ben" say anything in his own defense.

When the story appeared in print, public feeling ran high against the whole "Blues" team. It was rumored that the game had been "fixed." The players didn't dare to say anything because they would be fined if they did. The High Commissioner of baseball stepped in and conducted a private investigation. After the investigation, he declared that the game hadn't been "fixed," but he refused to say anything else.

Several weeks later, as I walked downtown, I met "Bucky" Weaver, the "Blues" bat-boy. He and I were very friendly; we had gone through school together. "Say, Bucky," I said, "what's the story about the game?"

Bucky began, "Well, as you know, we were tied with the Sox. We were playing the deciding game the next day, and "Big Ben" had picked 'Chuck' Davis to pitch for us. 'Chuck' was one of the rookies the Blues had brought up near the end of the season. He was hailed as a coming star, having won his first three starts.

"'Chuck' seemed a little nervous that night, but 'Big Ben' figured it was because 'Chuck' had never faced the Sox. 'Seems I've forgotten something about Chuck'. 'Ben' kept muttering. 'Wish I could remember what it is.'

"The next day, when he saw the rookies warming up, he forgot all about it. The lad really seemed to have his stuff.

"In the first inning trouble started. The Sox fell on 'Chuck' for three runs before he got the side out. In our half of the inning we got one run back for him. But in the second inning the Sox

really fell on 'Chuck', collecting six more runs before 'Ben' had time to pull in 'Wild Bull' Allen to put out the fire. The boys never got over the shock, and we finally lost 15-3, as you know.

"In the locker-room afterward 'Big Ben' walked over to 'Chuck' and said, 'Come on, kid, cheer up, you never pitched against them before.'

"But I did, Ben, I used to be their

batting practice pitcher. Seems I got into the habit of pitching the ball just where they liked it,' he added, 'and I couldn't get out of the habit, even today.'

"That's what I was trying to remember,' 'Big Ben' yelled. 'No wonder they flattened you.'

"Then the players flattened 'Big Ben'!"

EDWARD J. KILEY, '42.



## DO YOU KNOW THAT . . .

According to a poll taken in 1914, students regarded teachers as follows: (1) Still naïve freshmen dote on their every word, regarding them as infallible founts of wisdom. (2) Veteran sophomores look on them as persons whose absence could well be filled by sophomores. (3) Juniors tolerate them as being easy marks who will never touch them. (4) Cowed seniors fear them as dread personages who must be appeased with perfect recitations if said seniors wish to graduate in June. . . . In its career of a decade and a half, the School Band has received many lavish compliments, but none from so distinguished a figure as John Philip Sousa, famous American bandmaster and composer. When the band first began to play, he visited Boston to participate in a music festival. During his stay he reviewed the band in a parade of the Cadets, given in his honor. Admiring its skill, he directed it for one march. At that time the band consisted

of a score or so of select musicians. Today it boasts of over a hundred players, the biggest band in the city. . . . Before 1921 the captains of the prize-winning companies received silk banners for their efforts instead of engraved certificates. . . . "Bob" Benchley and Walter Lippman were classmates of Mr. Levine's during his college days. (We've always wondered who writes Mr. Levine's script.) . . . "Author! Author!!" Mr. Gardner has coedited a Latin grammar; Mr. Taylor has edited a "Macbeth" used in the Senior class, a one-volume encyclopedia, a modern dictionary, and "Vital English" used in the lower classes; Mr. Marnell writes the editorials for the "Traveler"; Mr. Lord is author of a popular science book; Mr. Godfrey writes fiction for Collier's. (Whew, where do they get the time?) . . . Mr. Lord supervised the Science Open House held recently at the Peabody House. . . .

## BLENHEIMS OVER BREST

"Numbers Three, Four, and Five report to my office for flying orders." Thus the voice of the C.O. through the loud-speaker in the Mess of Eastleigh Airfield.

Nine men got up and walked across the tarmac to the group of buildings which corresponded to offices, in the civilian airport. The aviators entered the office and saluted. The C.O. returned their salute and said:

"You will take off at 11:30 p.m.; that is, in sixty minutes. You will raid Brest. Take the usual course at 27,000 feet. Your orders are to cut out your engines at 3000 feet, about two-thirds of the way from Pointe de St. Mathieu, glide over Brest low down. Turn on your motors over the docks after dropping a stick of bombs. Don't bomb anything but the docks. You will have three Hurricanes on top: Jones and his crowd. By the way, George, will you take this blighter up instead of your usual gunner; he wants to write a story for the *Daily Express*. He says he flew in the last war."

"Sorry, sir. I prefer my gunner, because on this trip I need a man I know I can trust and who knows my tricks. It's not going to be all beer and skittles."

"All right, then. I'm afraid you'll have to go another time. Meanwhile, perhaps you would go back to the mess and have a drink. George, report to me just before you take off."

As a Flight-Lieutenant, George took command of the three long-nosed Blenheim fighter-bombers. The crew of his plane consisted of himself as pilot, Jim as co-pilot, bomb-aimer, bomber-navigator, and myself as rear turret-gunner, wireless operator, signaller. We had a small light in a tube which can be seen

only if you look directly into the tube, to Morse with.

When the hour was up, we buckled on our parachutes and went to the plane. We got the motors warmed up while George went to get last-minute orders from the C.O. When he came back, he yelled above the roar of the engines: "We're to go on the usual course and come right back direct. Flash that to the others, Jack."

I climbed to the turret and began to flash.

"Tell 'em to take off at an extra-long flash. At least I'll take off then, and they follow me."

"All right!" I shouted back. "They've acknowledged the messages."

"Long flash!" yelled George.

"All right, take off. They've answered."

With a roar we took off with the other planes close behind. They then flew up beside us into V-formation. The fighters were to join us over the Isle of Wight. They hadn't got there when we arrived; so, as we had plenty of surplus petrol, we waited for fifteen minutes, circling over Cowes. When they didn't show up, we went on alone.

It was just after we passed the Channel Islands that we saw the sub. We knew by its lines it was a Nazi. Jim spotted her first and yelled at George, asking if we could drop a bomb on her. George said, "Yes," and told me to tell the others by the lamp that we were going to strafe a Jerry. I did so, and we cut off our motors and started to glide down.

Evidently some one on the sub saw us, and suddenly a gun came up from under the deck and fired at us. The shot came pretty close, but we thought it



had missed us. As it happened, it hit our undercarriage, even though it was retracted into the wings and must have weakened something. Anyway, Jim pulled the bomb-release and we swooped up. I turned on the turret motor and swivelled round in case I could gun what was left of the sub. It appeared that we had been loaded with delayed action bombs with extra-hard shells. Anyway, that bomb went inside the conning-tower, which was only partially closed, and burst inside the sub. As you can imagine, there wasn't anything left worth gunning.

As I got down from the turret to report what had happened to the U-boat, I thought I saw a foot sticking out from the tail of the plane. When I looked, I saw that there was our newspaper friend with a camera with which he had been taking pictures from a crack in the tail. I bent down and gave his foot a tug. Then I thought I heard him say: "Donner und . . . er. What the h--l!"

At this I thought he was a Boche, and after dumping him at the wireless operating stool, I told George about it. He told me to bring the stowaway to him while Jim took over the steering. Then, while he was away, I was to weaken the supports of the stool, so that when the man sat down, it would give away, and he would fall down and swear . . . if we were lucky.

From what I could hear, George gave him a terrific talking to. He said something about throwing him out as he had a parachute, and when he was through, the blighter came back to his stool apparently worn out. As he dropped on it, the stool collapsed, and he crashed to the floor . . . And he swore in German!

"Donnerwetter! Himmel! Oh . . ."

The "Oh . . ." was when I conked him on the head with a spanner. I had to do it as Jim had just yelled: "Land-ho!"

We began to climb over the Pointe de St. Mathieu. Then, as prearranged, we cut off our motors, two-thirds of the way from the Pointe to Brest. Just before we shut them off, George opened an envelope in which the C.O. had placed some sealed orders. George read it aloud to us; they told us to bomb the Le Havre docks after Brest.

I flashed two orders to the others, and down we went in a shallow dive. We saw the docks with what looked like several ships in them. I waited to give the signal for attack. George yelled: "Signal!" I flashed a short, a long, a short. We dropped a flare, and followed it with a stick; then, with motors full on, we zoomed up, and the others followed us. We went over again, higher up this time. We dropped another stick, and as I bent over to see what damage we had done, some bullets smashed through the glass turret and hit all around me. I got one in the leg, but as I was seated, it did not matter. I turned round and saw one of the Blenheims go down in flames, accompanied by two Messerschmitt 109's, also in flames. When a Messerschmitt dived on me, I let him have it. I must have got the pilot, for he went down in a steep dive with a full motor and no flame. However, he exploded on the dock.

Then I heard a scream from inside our plane, and another Hun had got on our tail and was sending bullets straight through the fuselage. They all stopped, however, in the stowaway spy's body: it was a disgusting sight.

George jerked our nose up; and before I could regain my balance, the Hun was behind us. We signalled to the other Blenheim to follow us out of this unequal fight to Le Havre. We passed over Paimpol, Coutances, Bayeux, which are the standard land-marks, and glided over Le Havre to the docks.

Meanwhile I had bandaged up my leg as best I could, and we opened the spy's shute and pushed him out because more weight means less speed. When we got to the docks, we dropped two sticks, one after the other. I could see we had hit two warships, and the other plane had hit one and a big warehouse full of either petrol stores or ammunition. Anyway, it went up with a roar and a sheet of flame. We turned round, dropped our two odd bombs, which were left over from the sub, and bunked.

There is, or rather was, an airdrome outside Le Havre, some distance away, so we dropped our remaining three sticks; and as the others had four left, they dropped them, too. But we had both kept our small bombs; the others were Molotov bread-baskets.

Some more fighters came up at us. We turned tail and ran. We had had enough dog-fights for one night; but, even so, I took a pot at one and got him by a piece of good luck.

We soon came to the Eastleigh 'drome; and after flashing the required

signals so that we would not be shot at, we lowered our under-carriage, and came in to land. Then it happened. I was getting out of the turret into the fuselage when we touched. And, as you may remember, the U-boat's shell had weakened the undercarriage. Anyway, it collapsed, and we dug in our nose, which crumpled up, killing Jim, but luckily giving George only a nasty cut on the head and breaking two of his ribs. I catapulted down into the nose, and cracked my head on something. Everything went blank, and it was only afterwards that the C.O. told me that George pulled me out of the plane just before she burst into flames.

When I woke up, I found myself here; and when I told them I could see everything double, they said I had concussion. I've still got it because there are two of you; both the same.

"Well, thanks for the story. I hope you get better soon." And that ended my interview with a wounded R.A.F. flyer.

J. P. S. MONTAGU, 214, IVA.



## ROOM 228 PASSES AGAIN

Due to the exigencies of national defense, the Literary Staff of the REGISTER was robbed May 6 of its sanctum sanctorum, Room 228. The airplanes moved into 228, and the Literary Staff into 117. But there is more to it than that.

Being forced to accept cramped quarters shared with the circulating and business staffs was, of course, humiliating to the wielders of the purple pen. Not

only was it a descent from the pink clouds, but it also created an inevitable friction. Both staffs have an assertive opinion of their own importance. These opinions clash. Room 117 has been under the control of the circulation staff for years; so the Literary Staff was in a secondary position in its new quarters.

Still smarting under their humiliation, the Literary Staff carried a large chip,

on its shoulder, sitting in an area 2 x 4 at a mean desk—this, pittance as it was, given grudgingly and condescendingly by the Circulation Staff. The situation resolved itself into a tight-lipped feud in which the Literary Staff strove to regain floor area and self-esteem and in which the Circulation Staff labored to suppress, to hem the rival staff ever deeper into its ratty corner of the room. The poets complained of the bourgeois smell of baking potatoes pervading 117 from the nearby lunch-room; it bemoaned the loss of its terrace overlooking the drillyard, the Georgic scenery of the Fenway, and

Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace. Mr. White, of the Circulating Staff, complained that Mr. McDermott, of the Literary Staff, assumed regency in the former's absence; Mr. White, the soul of neatness himself, objected to Mr. McDermott's habit of leaving hundreds of scribbled-on sheets of paper, old photographs, dog-eared photographic wrappers, old year-book drafts strewn about the room.

Then came the day that Mr. White drew a line with the toe of his shoe across 9/10 of the room. . . . You are lucky to be reading this last copy of the REGISTER.



## ALUMNI

Many distinguished men have recited in our classrooms and we pride ourselves on the fact. Not only that, but at least if we can't have the men themselves, we'll settle for their sons. Among our alumni are Major Thomas F. Schley (1880-1881), son of Admiral Schley of Spanish war fame; Francis J. Garrison, '65, youngest son of William Lloyd Garrison, famous as an Abolitionist; and Charles F. Adams, a renowned diplomat in his own right and also the son of President John Quincy Adams. . . . David Muzzey, author of the American history text used by Seniors and a "prof" at Columbia, is one of our boys. . . . Sidney Sulkin, former editor-in-chief of the REGISTER (1935-36), is the

author of a novel about to be published, "Sons of Solomon." . . . "Bill" Devore, '29, is now teaching history at English High. . . . Many B.L.S. grads now write for Boston papers. Among them are "Will" Cloney, sports writer at the *Herald*; "Jerry" Moore, of the *Globe*; Wesley Fuller, feature writer for the *Herald*, and Donald M. Sullivan, of the *Globe*, and president of the Newspaper Guild. All except Moore were editors of the REGISTER. . . . Mr. Levine informs us that his prize French student of last year, Gellerman, has just been awarded a \$50 prize for original French composition. This was won in supervised competition with other freshmen at Harvard.



TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA AN NESCI LONGAS REGIBVS  
FERENTES



ILLUSTRATED  
QUOTATIONS

DRAWN BY  
ALVAN S. BERNER

1.

AN NESCI LONGAS REGIBVS  
ESSE MANVS?



2.

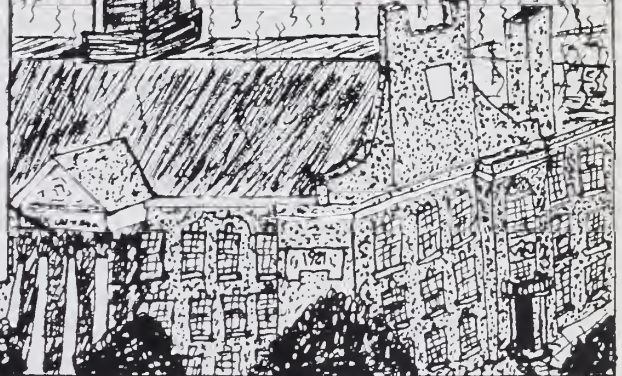


VITA BREVIS,  
ARS LONGA



3.

SVMMA SVMMARVM  
(TORRIDO DIE IVNIO)



AVRIBVS TENEO LVPVM



4.

FORTES FORTVNA IUVAT



6.

## FAREWELL

With Graduation Day immediately before us, we take this opportunity to express our parting sentiments to those who have been the objects of our praise, censure, and exhortations throughout the year.

When we entered the School, six years ago, the world was in the midst of a deep depression, but we were too young and too much occupied scholastically to be properly impressed. We were confident, too, that if we worked hard, as our mentors advised, our efforts would be suitably rewarded. Now, however, as the very last moments of our Latin School careers approach, the same world, unable to bear economic woe, has been plunged into a horrible war. Everywhere we hear that we may never enjoy the opportunity for higher education for which we have prepared, that our talents will only be wasted on a battlefield, that we are doomed to destruction.

This situation presents for us all a distressing problem; Shall we go forth as pessimists, bearers of malice and ill-will; or, on the other hand, as realistic optimists, as young, sturdy, intelligent citizens?

It is evident that the majority of students believe that the defense of democracy, of our present way of life, is worth-while and that it must be carried out, regardless of personal sacrifices. We wholeheartedly place ourselves at the command of our nation's leaders in their fight against the forces of iniquity.

We offer the fervent prayer that a peaceful, prosperous world will be restored in our time. We earnestly advise our fellow students to continue to pursue their studies diligently; to support the activities for which our School is famous; and to maintain their position of supremacy.

We promise, finally, that as Alumni, we shall not be idle, shall not forget our Alma Mater, but shall do everything in our power to show ourselves truly appreciative of our great heritage.



# A SENIOR WRITES A LETTER

by COLEMAN A. GOLDBERG, '41

Boston Latin School  
Avenue Louis Pasteur  
Boston, Massachusetts  
March 1, 1941

Dear Fred:

It pleased me greatly to have received your letter. I am glad to recount to you my experiences as a student at Latin School. However, I'd rather let you and your brother decide for yourselves as to whether or not he should enroll.

I was much bewildered when I first entered the building six years ago. I found myself with some four hundred others in the Assembly Hall. It was quite different from that of my grammar school. Along its walls were the names of many eminent graduates of the school. I had heard much about the men who look to Latin School as their Alma Mater; but, Fred, I never realized just how many truly great Americans the school calls her own—men like Franklin, Adams, Hancock, Beecher, Langley, Emerson, and Brooks—men who contributed so much to their country in so many different ways.

Those first days bring a smile when I think of them. I got lost more than once, and during the first week was late for no less than four periods because I found myself on the wrong side of the building or on the wrong floor when the bell rang for the opening of a period. But as time went on, I felt more at home; and in a few weeks I could find my rooms without turning the doors to look at the numbers, and it wasn't long before I began to realize that I was part of the school.

The gallant four hundred in Class VI with me represented all types—some unusually fine fellows; a few "sharks"; many with only average ability; and of course, one or two "wise-guys". It seems, though, that the latter—those who spent their time trying to outsmart the teachers and did only what they were made to do—fell by the wayside or left school. Colonel Penney was right when, at the beginning of the year, he told his drillers that the Officers in Class I were the cream of the crop and deserved the respect of the younger students. At any rate, after comparing the catalogue of the students of six years ago with the present one, I found that less than one-third of those enrolled with me in Class VI will graduate next June.

So, you see, Fred, Latin's no school for slackers. If you do your work, you get credit for it; and if you don't, nobody hounds you. It's all up to you. But it's a school whose equal I have yet to see.



A rough product is given to be molded—a pupil (for he can't be called a student yet) with varied interests and opinions, full of mistaken ideas, and in some cases educationally handicapped. From this the blemishes are removed, faults extracted, and rough spots smoothed. It is polished, as some things, called school spirit and sportsmanship, are added. Then, a few years later, emerges the *finished* product—a youth prepared to become a leader of men, looked up to for his integrity and fair play. It's the survival of the fittest; and, because of this principle, only the best graduate from Latin School.

And now I'm spending my last months in the school. I'm a Senior; but, in a way, I envy those Sixth Classmen, who doubtless look up to their heroes in the graduating class as I once did. Yes, *envy*; because they're just starting in, whereas it's almost over for me. I've had a lot of fun; and though I haven't left any sterling records, I'm proud of what I *have* done. I didn't realize until just these past two or three years how much fun I could have with no sacrifice to my studies. I joined a few clubs and earned my letter in track. Only last week I went to our Mid-Winter Formal, and you'd be surprised how much one can get out of an evening like that among his fellow-classmen.

Well, Fred, I guess it's pretty clear to you by this time how I feel about Latin School. My brother entered Class VI this year, and I hope he'll see the school as I do. One thing I know: if your brother comes here and makes the grade, I know you'll be proud of him.

Yours,  
Jim



## ERRATUM

An apology is due Mr. Sordillo, whose interview appeared in last month's REGISTER for an incorrect entry. He reports that he is not Supervisor of Music, but Director of Music in the Boston Public Schools.

# EXCHANGES

From "The Bostonian" (Roxbury Memorial High School for Boys, Boston).  
A young theologian named Fiddle,  
Refused to accept his degree;  
For it's enough to be called Fiddle,  
Without being called Fiddle, D.D.

From "The Record" (English High School, Boston).

## THE FADED FEDORA

Oh, faded fedora,  
So battered and black,  
You ugly, distorted  
Mud-spattered old sack.

How now does my poor head  
Display thee on high  
When what it most craves is  
A ritzy pork-pie!

From "The Quill" (Jeremiah E. Burke High School, Dorchester).

Martha: "Why do they call Hara, the Tenor, the Thrush of Cork?"

Arthur: "Because nobody can drown him out."

Goliath: "Why don't you stand up like a man and fight me?"

David: "Just wait till I get a little boulder."

From "The Botolphian" (Boston College High School, Boston).

## TITLE LASS

He took her rowing on the lake;  
She vowed she'd go no more.  
I asked her why—her answer came,  
"He only hugged the shore!"

\* \* \*

Hush, little vampire,  
Don't you cry.  
You'll get his frat pin  
Bye and bye.

From "The Sphinx" (Centralia Township High School, Centralia, Ill.).

Boy: "Since I met you, I can't eat,  
I can't sleep, I can't drink."

Girl: "Why not?"

Boy: "I'm broke."

Overheard in the hall:

First Girl: "Oh, Gee, I'm thrilled he spoke to me."

Second Girl: "Well, doesn't he know you?"

First Girl: "Do you think he'd speak to me if he did?"

From "The North Star" (Wichita High School, Wichita, Kansas).

## MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON

Always do your best.

Think before you speak.

Always speak the truth.

Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous.

Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself, for example is better than precept.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, for if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

\* \* \*

Jitterbug: "May I have the last dance with you?"

Girl Friend: "Big Boy, you just had it!"

## BROKE THE ICE

Slippery ice, very thin.

Pretty girl tumbled in.

Saw a boy upon the bank—

Gave a shriek, and then she sank.

Boy on bank heard her shout.

Jumped right in and helped her out.

Now he's hers—very nice;

But she had to break the ice.

## COURTESY

Courtesy pays. It oils the wheels of human contacts and makes them move much more smoothly. If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that, for the most part, none of us is any too easy to live with. Each of us is so eager to attain his own ends, he fails to notice when he is rudely elbowing the one who stands next to him; each of us is bent upon his own pleasure, he forgets to notice he is ignoring his neighbor; each is so eager for his own gain, he fails to see that he is needlessly hurting another. Apply courtesy, though, and the whole situation changes.

It is the most natural thing in the world to meet courtesy with courtesy. When a request is made in a manner which suggests that a favor is being done the one from whom the request comes, the most usual response is a gracious one. The same request made in another way has the power to arouse the deepest resentment.

In addition, we acknowledge receipt of the following publications: "The Regis" (Regis High School, New York, N. Y.); "The Massachusetts Collegian" (Mass. State College, Amherst, Mass.); "The Sagamore" (Brookline High School, Brookline); "The Amherst Student" (Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.); "Brown and Gold" (Haverhill High School, Haverhill); Yale University Bulletin; "Red and Blue" (St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco, Cal.); "Boston University News"; "The Mass. Collegian" (Mass State); "The Bowdoin Orient" (Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.); "Northeastern News"; "The Colby Echo" (Colby Echo, Waterville, Me.); "The Imp" (Brighton High School, Brighton); "The Tattler" (Roslindale High School, Roslindale); "The Classical Review" (Classical High School, Providence, R. I.).

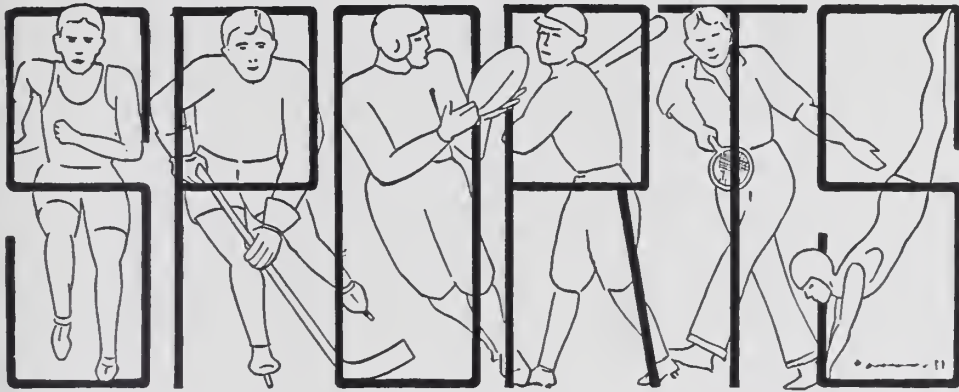
At this time we wish to thank all those papers and magazines which during the year have sent us copies of their publications.

## JOY OF BEING AN EDITOR

Getting out this paper is no picnic,  
If we print the jokes, people say we are  
silly  
If we don't, they say we are too serious.  
If we stick to our books all day,  
We ought to be out hunting news.  
If we go out and try to hustle,  
We ought to be in studying our books.  
If we don't print contributions,  
We don't appreciate genius;  
And if we do print them, the paper is  
filled with junk!

If we make a change in the other fellow's  
write-up,  
We are too critical  
If we don't, we're asleep.  
If we clip things from other papers,  
We are too critical;  
If we don't, we are stuck on our own  
stuff.  
Now, like us or not, some gay fellow will  
say  
We swiped this from some other maga-  
zine;  
We . . . ll, we did!  
—From "The Jewish Veteran".





## BASEBALL

### Latin - 17 J. P. - 1

The Latin School baseball team opened its season against Jamaica Plain at Draper Field. An all-veteran trio, "Dave" Slattery, John Kineavy, and "Bill" Connolly, was back to start in the outer pastures; however, infielders "Tom" Sullivan and John Brosnahan were missing from the line-up. Their places at third and second base were taken by "Jim" Gorman and "Marty" Greeley. "Ed" Lee and Frank Dickson, newcomers, covered first base and short-stop, respectively. "Joe" Kruger, a two-year veteran in the outfield, was moved to the catcher's position, while Irving Rudman, a senior, got the call to toe the mound.

In six innings Rudman gave but four hits, while his relief, "Bob" Slattery, gave none during his stay. In the meantime, the team, led by "Joe" Kruger, with a single, double, and triple to his credit, pounded the offerings of three Jamaica hurlers for fifteen hits. The lead was taken in the first inning and never relinquished.

The starting line-up: Slattery, lf; Lee, 1b; W. Connolly, rf; Kruger, c; Kineavy, cf; Greeley, 2b; Gorman, 3b; Dickson, ss; Rudman, p.

### Latin-10; Trade-4

Latin continued its winning ways by downing Trade 10-4. Again it was "Irv" Rudman who handcuffed the opposition, limiting them to six hits and getting into trouble only once after he had been handed a comfortable lead. The Purple and White got off to a fast start by putting over two runs in the first inning and added four in the third, one in both the fifth and sixth, and two in the eighth. Though the team hit freely, garnering eleven blows, it was noticeable that all were singles. There wasn't one extra-base hit by either club. Despite the fact that Trade made eight miscues afield, to put many Latin base runners on the paths, eight of Latin's ten runs were of the 'earned-run' variety, showing that the boys were taking advantage of Lady Luck's smiles and hitting in the clutch.

Trade scored once in the seventh and three times in the eighth for a total of four runs. In that unlucky eighth an error and two consecutive base hits loaded the bags. Then Rudman tightened and fanned the next two batters, working superbly under the pressure. However, he wasn't to get out unscathed, and Murzic of Trade drove into left field a ball that eluded "Dave" Slattery; and three unearned runs tallied.

Gorman, "Bill" Connolly, Dickson,

and Slattery led the attack for Latin by getting two hits apiece, and "Dave" Slattery tallied three times to maintain his superiority as a run-getter. "Bill" Connolly again proved his value as a team man, as he hit safely twice and scored twice while playing his usual flawless game in the outfield. A man like "Red", who, when not blowing the bats out of the opposition's hands, can fill in almost anywhere is a great boon to any ball club.

Well, that tacks Trade's scalp on Latin's growing list, and here's the line-up: Slattery, lf; Lee, 1b; Connolly, rf; Kruger, c; Kineavy, cf; Greeley, 2b; Gorman, 3b; Dickson, ss; Rudman, p.

### Latin Edges Brookline

With "Bill" Connolly pitching one of his best games, a courageous Latin School nine, refusing to concede victory, edged out Brookline High 3 to 2 at Tech Field. Connolly allowed but four hits and fanned eleven of the opposing batsmen. In addition, he drove in the winning run in the ninth inning. Although held hitless for six innings, the team showed the fight necessary to overcome a lead gained by two unearned runs. "Ed" Lee scored two runs, one in the seventh and the other in the eighth, leading the team in hitting with two singles. "Marty" Greeley singled in the ninth, stole second, and scored what ultimately was the winning run when Connolly crashed a single to center.

The line-up: Slattery, lf; Brosnahan, 2b; Sullivan, 3b; Kruger, c; Kineavy, 1b; Lee, ss; R. Casey, cf; Greeley, rf; Connolly, p.

### B.L.S. -4; B.C.H. -1

Due to wildness by the B.C.H. pitcher, coupled with "Bill" Connolly's first of three hits, the Latin baseball team opened up a lead in the early innings of the game and was content to slide

through to a 4-to-1 victory over B.C. High. Irving Rudman, who chalked up his third victory of the current campaign, kept his opponents' hits well scattered and, showing amazing control, gave but a single base on balls. "Tom" Sullivan's triple in the late innings was the longest hit of the day.

The line-up: Slattery, cf; Brosnahan, 2b; Connolly, rf; Kruger, c; Kineavy, 1b; Lee, ss; R. Casey, cf; Sullivan, 3b; Rudman, p.

### Harvard F.-5; Latin-2

One of the best Harvard Freshmen teams of recent years barely eked out a 3 to 2 victory over Latin School in a game played in the shadow of Harvard Stadium. Heads-up base running by Everts, Harvard second baseman, was the deciding factor of the game. "Bob" Slattery, who was starting his first game of the year, held the Harvard sluggers to seven hits, while whiffing ten batters.

In the first inning Harvard went out to a one-run lead, but the first of the fifth saw Latin forging into a one-run lead. This, however, was short-lived, since the Freshmen scored in the latter half of the inning.

"Bob" Casey led off the ninth inning with a triple, but an alert Harvard first baseman saw that "Bob" had failed to touch first base and called for the ball, making the play just an ordinary out at first base. Before the side was retired, two more men had singled. In the last of the ninth Everts hit a fly to center, which, when the Latin fielders had their signals crossed, fell safely. Seeing second base uncovered, he raced "Tom" Sullivan, who was forced to leave his base uncovered, to second. Almost without slowing down, Everts continued to the base left uncovered, out of necessity, by Sullivan. The next batter singled cleanly to center to score the winning run.

The line-up: Slattery, lf; Brosnahan, 2b; Sullivan, 3b; Kruger, c; Kineavy, 1b; Lee, ss; R. Casey, cf; Powers, rf; Slattery, p; Greeley batted for Powers in 5th and Gorman for Sullivan in 9th.

### Latin-18; St. Mark's-1

"Red" Connolly's seven-hit pitching effort was unnecessary as Latin's bats thundered in tremendous fashion to carve eighteen runs and fifteen hits off four St. Mark's pitchers. As the score might indicate, the Latin batters took a toe-hold and fattened up their batting averages. "Joe" Kruger, Latin's ace receiver, led the attack with four blows—one a lusty triple. "Johnny" Brosnahan was right behind, with a perfect three-for-three, including a triple. This vicious drive was amazing when you take into account "Johnny's" diminutive size.

Even if he hadn't been handed such

boisterous support, "Red" would have had the situation well in hand. He scattered seven hits, six of them singles, through the nine innings, fanned ten, and walked only one. The only run scored against him was unearned, and he was never in trouble.

Latin got off to a comfortable lead by scoring one in the first and six in the second. They added three in the third, five in the fifth, one in the seventh, and two in the eighth. In that big second they batted around, assisted greatly by three free walks.

Let's hope the boys don't lose their batting eyes and keep up their rapid pace.

The line-up: Latin—Slattery, lf; Lee 1b; Greeley (Gill) 2b; Kruger, c; Kineavy, Gorman (Sullivan, Brosnahan), 3b; Dickson (Murphy), ss; Casey, rf; Connolly, p.



## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



April 7: Here we are again, boys. Your Reporter is just warning you not to expect great things from this column this month. First of all, we are very much disturbed about the world situation. Next, we are faced with the problem of having the "red" on our report cards prevent our names from being "read" on Graduation night. And last, but by no means least, the Circulation Staff reports that by the time this goes to press, all coöperative students will have paid up in full. . . . Club Pictures were taken today. And how the club memberships suddenly grew!

April 8: Blumenthal today introduced the Mathematics Club to Calculus. Ye R.R.R. noticed that the members were not at all pleased to make its acquaintance . . . Lieut. Berleson, of the U. S. Army Aviation Corps, furnished the Aviation Club with one of its most interesting meetings.

April 9: Señor Ceferino Rola addressed the History Clubs on the subject "The Philippines Today." (We mention it, not only because it was a most interesting talk, but also because we want to

find out if the printer is able to print the little doowhickey over the "ñ" in "Señor".)

April 10: The beginning of the Seniors' Last Vacation from B.L.S. Make the most of it, lads. There's plenty of time when you get back to bring that 45 up to a 50. (At least, that's what we keep telling ourselves.)

April 15: Our sacred rest was today disturbed by our attempt to pass the Harvard Modern Language Requirement. (Ah, well. I still have seven more chances to pass that exam.)

April 21: We knew it couldn't last. But, at least, the teachers must not give us tests today, per order of the School Committee.

April 22: The Mathematics Club today heard talks on "Probabilities", and "Inequalities", delivered by Berner and Vershbow, respectively.

April 23: Class Day. Seniors heard Professor Packard, of Harvard, mention *Studebaker* in his talk. He also told us how he once had to *Dodge* tomatoes while acting before an audience which was not very *Cordial* (Nobody else could have afforded to tell a joke like that.)

April 24: Ye R.R.R. was too enraptured with the Music Appreciation Club's performance of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, to notice anything else.

April 25: In case any of you boys have been wondering why the teachers have become lenient towards you these past few days, we inform you that April 21-26 has been designated as "Be Kind to Dumb Animals" Week.

April 28: This morning, at 9:23 a.m., disaster befell your reporter, in the form



of white papers headed "College Entrance Examination Board Application."

April 29: Of course, it may be merely hearsay, but a member of Class II is said to have translated "Gott mit uns" as "Got any mittens" (The same boy translated the Latin verb "tango"—to dance.)

May 1: Class I had a swell banquet in honor of their honorable honorary classmate, his honor, Leon Otis Glover. Leon gave a dandy speech, as did Mr. Powers, Mr. Pike, Dr. Marnell, and Mr. Levine.

May 2: *Extra! Extra! Extra! Food Shortage in B.L.S.!!!* Starving Students Forced to Return Home Early for Dinner! Prize Drill day postponed; we were rained out.

May 5: Sturdy Latin School regiments competed for prizes despite threatening weather. By the way, did you see those officers trying to get rid of Drill Programs by yelling: "Programs! Get your programs here. You can't tell a brigadier-general from a private without a program."

May 6: Report cards came out today. For members of Class I, it was the last they'll ever receive. You should have seen the mournful look when they realized that marks were tentatively closed.

May 7: The cast of "The Bishop Misbehaves" gave a sneak preview for the benefit of Alumni who were meeting in the building. (Speaking of Alumni, Redgate and his pack of bloodhounds are after us again, this time for Alumni dues.

We keep stalling him off with the excuse that we'll never believe that we have graduated until we have our diplomas tucked safely away.)

May 8: "The Bishop Misbehaves" was presented again today.

May 9: Held over by public demand, "The Bishop Misbehaves" was performed for positively the last time in 1941. This proves that the Latin School Dramatics Club is not a fly-by-night organization. It stays to face the music three times. However, there was no music on Thursday or Friday, as the Latin School Instrumentalists were missing.

May 12: This last date line is always a painful occasion. "Parting is such sweet sorrow." This parting is especially sorrowful, since the R.R.R., formerly concealed by a shabby veil of secrecy (we hope), now steps into the limelight to face a hail of miscellaneous assorted vegetables. Conscience-stricken, we express our grateful appreciation to Mr. Marson, whose little red pencil (that has turned blue in the anxiety of catching up with deadlines) has saved our necks so many times.

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